

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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No. 19.

## LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets,  
Streamlets swell the river's flow.  
Rivers join the ocean billows,  
Onward, onward, as they go!  
Life is made of smallest fragments,  
Shade and sunshine, work and play,  
So may we, with greatest profit,  
Learn a little every day.

The seeds make boundless harvests,  
Drops of rain compose the showers,  
Seconds make the flying minutes,  
And the minutes make the hours!  
Let us hasten, then, and catch them,  
As they pass us on our way,  
And with honest, true endeavor,  
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,  
Cull a verse from every page,  
Here a line and there a sentence,  
'Gainst the lonely time of age!  
At our work, or by the wayside,  
While the sun shines, making hay!  
Thus we may, by help of heaven,  
Learn a little every day.

## IN MEMORY OF LAURENT CLERC.

### UNVEILING OF THE BUST AND MONUMENT.

THE ORATION AND ADDRESSES—DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT  
—AN EVENING BANQUET.

HARTFORD, Sept. 17th, 1874.

AFTER two postponements, the unveiling of the monument, erected by the deaf-mutes of America to the memory of Laurent Clerc, took place yesterday, the 16th, in the presence of about two hundred deaf-mutes, and a few hearing people. The rain, which came down steadily all day, doubtless prevented a greater attendance of people from the city.

The unfortunate, but unavoidable, postponement of the ceremonies, at first from the 2d of September to the 8th, and then to the 16th, had a great effect on the number in attendance. Many who had obtained a few days' leave and arranged their affairs to be present on the 2d, could not do so again on the 16th; and some who had not heard of the postponement, came all the way to Hartford only to be wholly disappointed, for they could not stay till the dedication took place, nor come again.

But the gathering that assembled on the 16th, was as intelligent a body of deaf-mutes as any that have come together at any time or place. It was a New England crowd by a large majority; for, though there was quite a number from the Empire State, and a sprinkling from other sections of the country, nearly all were graduates of Old Hartford and residents of New England. There were more, perhaps, than usual of that class who seldom attend conventions, and, as a natural result, there was more occasion for joyous recognition and boisterous greeting than is usually seen.

The exercises of the day were inaugurated at a religious service in the chapel conducted by Messrs. Marsh and Swett, of Boston, in place of E. M. Gallaudet, President of the Deaf-mute College, who was prevented by sudden illness from conducting the service. Dr. Gallaudet's sickness was the occasion of considerable disappoint-

ment, and accounts for the small attendance at the services, which Messrs. Marsh and Swett made specially interesting.

A meeting of those members of the Board of Managers of the Clerc Memorial Union who were present, was held soon after. The Treasurer's report showed a balance of from \$100 to \$150 in the treasury, over all expenses. This sum was voted to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, in New York. This action is, of course, subject to the approval of the members of the Board who were not present, as they constitute a majority; but there is little doubt that it will be given to the Home, as it transpired at this meeting that a large number of those who contributed to the Memorial, desired it to take the form of an endowment of the Home.

### THE UNVEILING.

The rain prevented any exercises, beyond the simple removal of the covering of the bust, from taking place near the monument; but at half-past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Lottie Beers, a grand-daughter of Mr. Clerc, pulled the cords, and the veil fell gracefully to the ground, revealing the beautiful Memorial to hundreds of waiting eyes. No sooner was this done than the bust was adorned with a wreath of beautiful flowers sent by the deaf-mutes of Boston who were unable to be present on the occasion. It was accompanied by the following message: "This wreath is a token of the love, reverence, and freshness of remembrance of the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity for the memory of their benefactor, Clerc. Unable to be present themselves, they would fain show their willingness, and are here, hundreds of them, in the spirit, although absent in body. The monument raised and unveiled to-day will crumble to dust before the memory of Clerc dies out in the hearts of the present and future generation of deaf-mutes."

An adjournment to the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, a few rods west of the Asylum was then taken. Here, prayer was offered by Dr. W. W. Turner, the venerable ex-Principal of the Asylum, in which he thanked Our Heavenly Father for the boon of education which He in His love had bestowed upon the deaf-mutes of the land, by inspiring Gallaudet and Clerc to devote their lives to the cause of deaf-mute education. He invoked the Divine blessing upon the exercises of the day, and prayed that the heavenly flame of gratitude to Gallaudet and Clerc might never die out in the hearts of the deaf-mutes of the land.

The presentation address was appropriately delivered by Thomas Brown, President of the National Clerc Memorial Union, and one of the earliest pupils of Clerc. It must have been a proud work to him, thus, in his declining years, to lead the movement, and witness the consummation of a memorial to his greatest benefactor. His address was read to the hearing part of the gathering by Mr. Williams, a teacher in the Asylum.

### MR. BROWN'S PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

*The Hon. Calvin Day, President of the American Asylum:*

SIR: We have invited you to witness the unveiling of a monument to the memory of the deaf-mute philanthropist who left his beautiful country and came with the immortal Gallaudet to aid in establishing the first deaf-mute school in America. Gallaudet and Clerc labored together many years to confer the benefits we are enjoying. They lived together like brothers—and both died in this city, where they started their benevolent enterprise. We hon-

ored the memory of Gallaudet with a monument, and now we offer the same tribute to the memory of Clerc. There is a slight difference of style between the two monuments; but we hold both names equally in grateful remembrance. Both remain as perpetual beacons to the deaf-mute community, like Washington and Lafayette.

I had the pleasure of knowing several of the first directors of the American Asylum, sincere and honored friends of the deaf and dumb. Alas, all are now gone, except James B. Hosmer, Esq., whom we hope to see here this day. All the first able teachers who labored with Gallaudet and Clerc, are also gone, except Rev. W. W. Turner and Mr. David E. Bartlett, whom many of their former pupils are glad to see here. May they be long spared.

The survivors of the earliest pupils of Gallaudet and Clerc are very few. Among them are Mrs. Gallaudet and Mrs. Clerc, who have been blessed to live and see these monuments erected in honor of their husbands. I keep as a most valued memento, the watch which Mr. Clerc used to wear, and which Mr. Clerc presented to me.

The graduates from the different schools in America now number several thousand, and I am pleased to say that almost all whom I know are intelligent and respectable. They attest the liberality with which provision has been made for their education in the past. We are sure that you and your associates in the present board are as true friends to the deaf and dumb as were the first directors.

Sir, now allow me, in behalf of the contributors all over the United States, to request that you will receive the care of this monument to Laurent Clerc, as the Gallaudet monument was received by your venerable predecessor, Hon. Thomas S. Williams, and that you will transfer it as a precious charge to your successors forever. May the choicest blessings from on high follow you.

Hon. Calvin Day, President of the Board of Directors of the American Asylum, replying to Mr. Brown, received the care of the Memorial in the following words, Mr. J. C. Bull, of the Asylum translating them into the sign-language.

#### MR. DAY'S RESPONSE.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Clerc Memorial Union:* You are assembled to-day for the fulfillment of a purpose which you have long cherished, and for which you have long labored—the erection and dedication of a suitable and lasting monument to the memory of Laurent Clerc.

It is fitting and honorable that you should meet for such a purpose. The name of Clerc is justly dear to every deaf-mute in this broad land. He was one of the earliest and most devoted pioneers in the work of devising and establishing in this country a system of education for that unfortunate class of his fellow beings. In all parts of the world, and throughout all history, down to about the seventeenth century, it had been universally considered and believed that deaf-mutes, as a class, were almost wholly beyond the reach of education, and that they were hopelessly condemned to the melancholy condition of passing their lives in ignorance and misery. At last, in Europe, benevolent and enlightened men had undertaken the work of ameliorating this sad condition of the class of deaf-mutes, and had met with a degree of success which was almost unexpected, even to themselves.

Incited by these examples, Gallaudet had been the foremost in this country to seek to extend the blessings of education to this class. On a visit to Europe, he made known to Clerc, who was then already widely known as an experienced and highly successful teacher of the deaf and dumb, his plans and his hopes—and Clerc, probably with a wise foresight of the future growth and greatness of this then young and energetic republic, and certainly with a most unselfish devotion to his work, chose to leave his native land and his attached circle of personal friends, and to

unite his labors and his talents with those of the honored Gallaudet in laying the foundations of this great work in the Western World. To these two men, far more than to any others, is due the credit of the establishment of that benevolent, wise, and enlightened system of education, which, in this country, offers to the deaf-mute advantages for instruction and improvement almost, if not quite, equal to those enjoyed by any class of his fellow-citizens.

The heart of every deaf-mute in the land should swell with gratitude in dwelling upon the history of the lives and labors of these two devoted men, and every patriotic American citizen must feel a pride in seeing that his country now occupies a position second to no other in this noble work of benevolence and progress. But it is not my province to eulogize the dead, or to recount their labors. Your chosen orator will dwell upon these themes, and time will fail him sooner than subjects of interest.

It is my pleasing official duty, on behalf of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, to accept, in trust, this beautiful monument, and to promise you that it shall be carefully protected and preserved. Standing as an appropriate companion to the monument of the dear personal friend, and the earnest co-laborer of Clerc, this enduring proof of his labors in the cause of education, will be an ornament to the grounds of this Institution, which is the loved *alma mater* of so many among you, and will be a pleasing and interesting object to every visitor; while at the same time—by the constant presentation of a great example—it can not fail to fulfill the higher purpose of inciting teachers and pupils alike to a zealous and earnest pursuit of their respective aims, and of arousing in the minds of every spectator an admiration for the faithful and generous discharge of duty and an increased interest in the triumphs of enlightenment and intelligence in this great and noble department of benevolent activity. We heartily congratulate you upon the complete and gratifying success of your undertaking, and we are happy to promise you our co-operation in guarding and preserving its results.

At the conclusion of Mr. Day's remarks, the orator of the day, Mr. James Denison, of Washington, D. C., delivered his oration on Clerc in clear and graceful signs, which were translated by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York.

#### MR. DENISON'S ORATION.

"Gratitude is the remembrance of kindness received, the memory of a heart penetrated with a sense of profound respect and affection and with measureless devotion."

Thus wrote Laurent Clerc on the 3d of July, 1815, when asked "What is gratitude?" An audience composed of individuals of the highest standing in the social and political circles of England, had assembled in London to listen to a lecture of the Abbe Sicard in exposition and illustration of the new French system of imparting instruction to the deaf and dumb. This system, originating with the Abbe de l' Epée, had been elaborated and improved by his successor, Sicard, in whose hands it had produced results, especially in the case of his now celebrated pupils, Massieu and Clerc, that excited the wonder and admiration of Europe.

Inspired by the occasion, by the presence of an assembly so distinguished for rank, beauty, and intelligence, and more than all, by the sight of his beloved instructor and benefactor, whose sad, patient eyes, pale cheek, and slender form spoke of toil, suffering, and self-sacrifice, for which the decorations that shone on his breast, gifts from the crowned heads of France, of Russia, and of Sweden, could be but a slight and feeble acknowledgement, Laurent Clerc looked into the depths of his soul, analyzed the sentiments and emotions that took shape and being at the thought of Sicard—and gave to the world his beautiful definition of "gratitude."



Until the last day of his life, he continued to regard the Abbe Sicard with this reverence and devotion. We, of this country and generation, with our educational advantages and opportunities, can not, perhaps, fairly estimate the difficulties which De l' Epee and Sicard had to overcome in their endeavors to enlighten the deaf-mute mind. The facilities at their disposal were utterly inadequate to the work. To gain pupils, they had to combat the distrust and prejudice of the poor; to acquire indispensable means, they had to contend with the skepticism and indifference of the rich. In order that the cause of their hearts might live and triumph, they denied themselves the necessities of life and refused tempting offers of wealth and distinction.

"My poor children, I have wronged you of a hundred crowns," said De l'Epee during the severe winter of 1788, when yielding to the prayers and remonstrances of his little family of deaf-mutes, he granted himself in his old age the indulgence of a fire in his apartment.

"Say to the empress of Russia," said he to her ambassador who had vainly pressed upon him valuable presents in the name of that sovereign, "that if my labors seem worthy of her consideration, the sole favor which I ask is that she send me from her dominions some ignorant deaf-mute that I may instruct him."

The devotion of Sicard was not less touching. We can form some faint idea of the love and benevolence he manifested towards the deaf and dumb from the affection and gratitude they exhibited. When, during the Reign of Terror, Sicard was immured in the prison of the *Abbaye* in hourly expectation of a violent death, Massieu, his favorite pupil, went without sleep and food until his release, and in one day more would have died of grief. At the head of his fellow-pupils, he appeared at the bar of the National Assembly of France and presented a petition which expresses happily, yet boldly and tersely, the feelings of their hearts:

"Mr. President;" thus runs the petition, "they have taken from the deaf-mute, their instructor, their guardian, and their father. They have sent him up like a thief, a murderer. But he has killed no one, he has stolen nothing. He is not a bad citizen. His whole time is spent in teaching us to love our country. He is good, just, pure. We ask of you his liberty. Restore him to us, his children. He loves us with a father's fondness. He has taught us all we know. Without him we should be like the beasts. Since he was taken away, we have been full of sorrow and distress. Return him to us and you will make us happy."

In his twelfth year, Laurent Clerc was transferred from the paternal domicile on the banks of the Rhone to the institution under the charge of Sicard. It was in the year 1797. Napoleon had just fought and won the marvelous campaign of Italy. France whose prophetic eyes beheld in him the hero of the future, hastened to place her welfare and her destinies at his feet. She allowed him to transform her fair domains into a military camp with Paris for headquarters. Henceforth the sword and the musket were the sole passports to power and distinction. The pure flame of religion and the beneficent light of human progress paled in the lurid blaze of military glory. But Sicard who had not been dismayed by the persecutions of the Reign of Terror, was not cast down when he saw that the ruler of France ignored his existence and looked coldly upon his cause. In the eighteen years that Laurent Clerc was associated with Sicard—during which period the star of Napoleon had risen above the horizon, attained its zenith, and set forever behind the lonely rock of St. Helena—he beheld his beloved teacher and friend ever at his post, applying himself, undisturbed by outside influences, to the sacred work of cultivating the minds and hearts of the neglected children of silence.

In the work, during the last eight years of Laurent Clerc's connection with the Paris institution, he was Sicard's most earnest

and successful co-laborer. In 1816, however, his life in France drew to a close. Thomas H. Gallaudet—revere be his memory!—repulsed from the institutions of Watson and Braidwood, that, as he sorrowfully expresses it, they might retain a "sad monopoly of the resources of charity," turned his face towards Paris. "Here in the splendid metropolis of his ancestors," to use his own words: "the light of hope began to dawn on his path. For here, thanks to the ready kindness of the illustrious Sicard, he was furnished with every facility for obtaining the knowledge which he sought. And, here, too, he was enabled to make such arrangements as to surprise his friends and supporters at home, by an unexpected return with a colleague whose peculiar condition and striking talents and attainments gave a new impulse to the enterprise" of educating the American deaf-mutes.

It would appear at this distance of time to have been the most trying, as it was the most momentous, act of Mr. Clerc's life—to decide to accompany Mr. Gallaudet to America. He must bid farewell to home, friends, and relatives; to aged parents on the verge of the grave; he must leave forever the vine-clad hills and lovely vales of France; he must abandon Paris, with its palaces, and gardens, and fountains; its libraries and art museums; its unrivaled resources for æsthetic and intellectual enjoyment, so dear to the heart of the true Frenchman; he must prepare to see, buried beneath the dust of disuse and oblivion, his precious French, his only written language, mastered with the heavy tax of time and effort laid upon the deaf-mute; he must tear himself from his beloved teacher and friend, Sicard, the tendrils of whose nature clung to the young *protege* and assistant, loth to let him go, even on a mission of beneficence to which he himself had pointed the way by precept and example.

Yet, from all we can learn, Mr. Clerc did not hesitate in making his decision. He won the reluctant consent of his parents, he overcame the objections of Sicard one by one, he took prompt leave of his friends and the scene of his labors and triumphs, and on the 18th of June he embarked for America with Mr. Gallaudet.

It was a great step to take—one from which most men under similar circumstances, would have shrunk. Allowing something to the persuasive pleading of Mr. Gallaudet and to the contagion of his enthusiasm; and something, also, to the influence wrought upon Mr. Clerc's nature in breathing for some years an atmosphere so pervaded with the fragrance of self-consecration and generous deeds, the fact remains that had not Laurent Clerc been a man of more than ordinary decision and benevolence of character, he would never have thus bidden farewell to France and come a voluntary exile to a foreign land.

The record of Mr. Clerc's life from the date of his arrival in America until his death, fifty-three years afterwards, is a familiar one to every educated deaf-mute. With the exception of a few months, at three different times, spent in visiting his native country, forty-one of these years were passed in the faithful and successful performance of duty as an instructor in the American Asylum. In the annual reports of that institution, where Mr. Clerc's name, from first to last, heads the list of the corps of instructors, repeated and honorable mention is made of his assistance in soliciting funds, of his valuable aid in training teachers for the Hartford as well as other schools, of the high estimate in which his labors and counsels were held by the board of directors. The board at various times gave evidence of their sense of his important services by the bestowment of special favors and appropriations; and in 1858, when in his seventy-third year, he closed his active connection with the asylum, he retired in the receipt of a pension for life from its funds.

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WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 1, 1874.

## THE END.

ELSEWHERE we give a pretty full account of the ceremonies attending the unveiling and dedication of the Clerc Memorial on the grounds of the American Asylum at Hartford.

We congratulate the Board of Managers, and all interested in the Memorial upon the brilliant success with which their labors have been crowned. A finer monument, at its cost, it would be hard to erect—one that is more satisfactory in a purely artistic sense, and to the eyes of loving friends and pupils. It will be readily acknowledged that this simpler structure produces a more pleasing general effect than the Gallaudet Monument; although the latter is more elaborate in design and more artistic in detail, having more points to interest the person who inspects them closely. Together they form ornaments for the Asylum grounds of which that Institution may well be proud.

And we offer our congratulations, too, for the success with which the dedicatory ceremonies were conducted. A pleasanter time, despite the unfavorable weather, it has been the fortune of few, who were present to enjoy at any other gathering of the kind.

The oration of Mr. Denison is a polished and eloquent production; and, besides, it is a valuable and interesting contribution to our knowledge of Clerc and his noble and self-sacrificing work. Perhaps its most noticeable feature is the nice discrimination the orator makes between Gallaudet and Clerc. In the enthusiasm of the work and the time, he does not forget the greater labors of Gallaudet and his superior claims upon our gratitude, and assigns to Clerc his true position with the calmness and conscientiousness of the historian; and his effort will go down to following generations as a part of the history of deaf-mute instruction in America.

We confess, with many others, to a feeling of relief that the end is reached. The rivalry that has been aroused, the bitter words that have been uttered, though born of intense desire to revere the memory of Clerc, have created an uncomfortable feeling all around, which will now die out, leaving only the memory that all were one in the wish to honor our benefactor.

Yes, there is infinite satisfaction in reflecting that no more discussion over the form of the Memorial, will disturb our peace; infinite satisfaction in the thought that the Clerc Memorial is now an accomplished fact. Henceforth at that name will rise before the eye, a perfect picture of "monumental shaft and bust of bronze" rearing their simple and artistic outlines beneath the green-arched trees that grace "Old Hartford's" lawn. Hereafter the stranger approaching the Asylum gates will know that our gratitude to Gallaudet and Clerc is still fresh and vigorous, and never dies; and hereafter we shall feel nobler and better for the knowledge that we have made a suitable avowal of the debt we owe to Gallaudet and Clerc, and that we are continually making it, while the bronze and marble of these monuments remain separate from the dust.

[Continued from page 5.]

From this time, Mr. Clerc spent his days in peaceful enjoyment of the rest he had so well earned. "Happy in his domestic and social relations," writes the Rev. Mr. Turner in *The American Annals*, "he might be seen in the streets, in the post-office, and the reading-room of Hartford, almost every day, meeting his friends with a pleasant smile and graceful salutation; and expressing a deep interest in public events relating to the welfare of the country and especially to the prosperity of the Asylum."

In June, 1864, Mr. Clerc, then in his seventy-ninth year, in spite of his many infirmities and the length and fatigue of a journey that would have deterred a younger man, travelled from his Hartford home to Washington, the capital of our country, in order to be present at the inauguration of the National Deaf-mute College. He delivered a thoughtful and interesting address, closing with the earnest hope that "in his great work, his dear young friend, Edward M. Gallaudet, might be blessed and prospered, and receive for his efforts in behalf of the deaf and dumb, such proofs of its benefits as would reward him for the glorious undertaking."

Thus was Mr. Clerc permitted in his last days to behold the highest and grandest point reached in the cause of deaf-mute instruction—like Moses of old, after forty years of guidance and patient waiting, to look upon the promised land and give his dying blessing.

In his eighty-fourth year, Laurent Clerc, on the 18th of July, 1869, finished his earthly life, passing away in the hope of the christian's immortality. His wife, faithful companion of half a century, and two children in mature life, survive, witnesses of the universal regard and affection in which his memory is held, and of the gratitude with which it is embalmed in the hearts of those whom his sacrifices and labors have benefited.

Yes, that affection, reverence, and devotion which were the natural and involuntary tribute to Sicard's character and deeds, we, deaf-mutes of America, render to Gallaudet and Clerc, our teachers, our friends, our benefactors. Twenty years ago we gathered here, under the shadow of the walls he had done so much to erect, and dedicated to the memory of Thomas H. Gallaudet, a token of our affection and gratitude. And to-day, we assemble again. We have come up, as then, "from New England hills and vales, from the rivers and lakes of the Empire State, from the City of Brotherly Love and its sturdy commonwealth, from the Old Dominion and farther down in the regions of the Sunny South, from the rolling prairies of the West—a mighty brotherhood," and this time it is to Laurent Clerc that we rear our memorial.

There it stands—monumental shaft and bust of bronze—on the soil which his feet trod as he went to and from his daily labors, and surrounded by mementoes of his presence and his work. It will be first among the objects which catch the eager eye of the child of silence as he approaches the portals where the fetters that bind his mind shall be struck off; it will rise before his sight day by day as he pursues his round of duty and of study; it will be among the last of the familiar objects connected with school-life to fade on his vision as he leaves his *alma mater* to fight the battle of life. To him, as it is to us all, it will be a reminder of sturdy endeavor, cheerful self-sacrifice, and faithful performance of duty; and of the obligation which conscience and gratitude lay upon him to prove worthy of one who embodied in his character these sterling traits.

But this stone will not only speak of Laurent Clerc's life and his work; it will be eloquent of the love and gratitude of the uncounted thousands whom that life and that work have blessed. It will proclaim that whatever may be their shortcomings, they can remember kindness and cherish the memory of a benefactor.

Yet, far be it from us to claim that in erecting this memorial, we regard ourselves as having discharged, in whole or in part, a debt.



Not a hundred columns with their summits among the clouds and their sides emblazoned with letters of gold could do *that*. The debt we owe to Gallaudet and Clerc is immeasurable, eternal; not to be paid in things earthly and perishable, stone or gold. The memory of such lives as theirs will outlast the monuments we have erected; it will glow in the hearts of the innumerable crowd that comes after us long beyond that distant day when the shafts we have enacted shall have fallen and mingled with the earth beneath.

That action or that life is indeed of trifling importance which depends for its perpetuation in human records upon slab or pillar, obelisk or pyramid. It was the astute Talleyrand who said: "The sovereign has a little mind who seeks to go down to posterity by means of great public structures. It is to confide to masons and bricklayers the task of writing history." Great deeds are the living lights of history: their undying brightness shines in the darkness of the past, and sends rays of hope and encouragement down the vistas of the future. They contain within themselves the source of their own perpetual existence—needing no aid from the handiwork of man.

But, on the other hand, the generation, community, or people that rears a memorial, perishable though it be, whose front catches and reflects this immortal light, shows its appreciation of what is true and noble and great. It discharges a sacred duty, it performs a service to its day and generation, in thus making at once the most prompt, the most public, and the most ample acknowledgement in its power of its obligations. We glory in proclaiming our lasting indebtedness to Gallaudet and to Clerc. We write it on stone. We shall acknowledge it to future ages in tradition and in the record of the books. But there are other ways yet in which we can show our gratitude. We can prove ourselves worthy of the benefits we have received. We can make ourselves honored members of society, gaining its respect by our industry and independence, our intelligence, our regard for morality and law. We can make the word deaf-mute synonym for all that is desirable and admirable in the neighbor and the citizen. We can continue steadfast in the pursuit of knowledge and in the cultivation of the mind until we make our mark in literature, the arts, and the sciences. We can help to make the world better and purer by sustaining with credit the functions which religion demands of its supporters. Then the record and influence of our lives will form a memorial which will tell the story of our devotion to our benefactors in the coming ages when the marble that now bears aloft the names of Gallaudet and Clerc, yielding to the destroying hand of time, shall have vanished forever from mortal sight.

This oration had the undivided attention of the audience, and the glistening eyes and contracted brows of not a few, showed how their owners were moved by the thoughtful words and glowing and graceful tribute to their friend and benefactor. It was an unfortunate oversight that allowed the pulpit to prevent a third of the audience from seeing a large portion of this and other addresses.

#### LETTERS AND ADDRESSES.

On the conclusion of the oration, Mr. Syle, the Secretary of the Memorial Union, read letters from Senator Eaton, of Connecticut, President Barnard, of Columbia College, New York, Dr. Day of New Haven, and Miss Laura Sheridan, of Indiana, expressing their regrets at not being present on the occasion, and their full sympathy with the exercises of the day; and paying tributes to Clerc, with whom most of them had been personally associated in former years.

Short addresses were then made, the first by the Rev. Francis J. Clerc, of Burlington College, New Jersey, son of Laurent Clerc, who feelingly expressed the thanks of the surviving relatives of Mr. Clerc for the act which that day consecrated so beautiful a monu-

ment to the memory of his father. He also spoke of the deep religious character of Clerc.

He was followed by Mr. Bartlett, of the Asylum, who dwelt upon the unselfish character of Clerc, and the modesty with which he gave Massieu precedence in point of intelligence and education. In this self-forgetfulness, he said, Clerc possessed the highest trait of human nature, and for this he loved the memory of Clerc.

Dr. Peet, of the New York Institution, said that but for Clerc, his friend, Mr. Bartlett, and others, who used such graceful signs, would never have attained that skill, for Clerc was their model, and the instructor who had schooled all the older teachers of the deaf and dumb in the sign-language.

Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, of Washington, said that though suffering from illness, he could not forbear thus publicly expressing his full sympathy with the occasion.

On the conclusion of these addresses, the meeting, at the suggestion of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, voted to remove the railing which encloses the Gallaudet Monument, as the beauty of that memorial would be greatly increased thereby.

#### THE BANQUET.

In the evening, a banquet was spread at the Park Central Hotel on High Street; and, although the rain continued to descend with unrelenting perseverance, there was present a goodly company of fair ladies, elegantly and tastefully attired, and gallant gentlemen. We are sorry we can only say of the viands that they were, for the most part, healthy. That they were not more generous and of greater variety, is owing to no fault of the Committee of Arrangements, but to an inadequate perception on the part of Mine Host Hastings of the equivalent of a dollar and a-half in edibles. Still the pleasant company made the deficiency in viands hardly perceptible to most; and we do not wonder that the Hon. Mr. Day, in reply to a toast, said that the throng of happy faces before him, made him almost wish that he was deaf and dumb.

#### TOASTS AND SPEECHES.

Late in the evening, when chairs had begun to be pushed back from the table, numerous toasts were proposed and responded to by various gentlemen. The first was "To the Memory of Clerc," and upon its announcement, the whole company rose to their feet. The next was to Mrs. Clerc and the members of the Clerc family—responded to by Mr. D. E. Bartlett. Among the others toasted were Hon. Mr. Day, President of the American Asylum, Mr. Denison, the orator of the day, Mr. Syle, Secretary of the Clerc Memorial Union, Mr. Newell, its Treasurer, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, and Mr. Batterson, the builder of the monument—all of whom responded in neat and appropriate speeches. Mr. Batterson and Mr. Conrads, the artist who modelled the bust of Clerc, had been called for at the church, but they were not present, and the gathering was prevented till evening from giving expression to the satisfaction they felt at the manner in which the work had been performed. Then Mr. Batterson was heartily applauded. The concluding toast was "To the Ladies" and was responded to by Dr. Peet, of New York, in his usual happy manner.

After the banquet, some time was spent by the company in the parlors of the hotel in social intercourse, and then came such a getting home in the rain!

#### CHARACTERISTIC.

Most of those present have gone home at various hours during the day, but many are lingering to enjoy a little longer the pleasure which is theirs at such times, and which constitutes such a beneficial break in their usually monotonous lives.

An energetic committee-man, so the saying goes, wore out two pairs of boots in the service of the Clerc Memorial, and witnessing

the labors and energy of Messrs. Syle, Newell, and Weeks, which repeated postponements, unfavorable weather, and the remarkable stupidity of some, more than trebled, all believed it. To Mr. Syle belongs the greatest credit for the success of the Memorial. His was the managing mind, whose acuteness foresaw all possible contingencies, and provided for them; and thus the many obstacles which arose, delays, and unfavorable weather, were unable to prevent the completion of the Memorial, and the entire success of the dedicatory ceremonies. We can say this too, without any disparagement of Messrs. Brown, Newell, and others, who were all necessary to the success of the affair. And the affability, self-sacrifice, and energy of Messrs. Newell and Weeks we note particularly. To the quiet business tact of Mr. Newell, and the assiduous attention of Mr. Weeks, all the delegates are under great obligations for conveniences of travel and hotel accommodation.

The widow of Laurent Clerc seemed to be very happy in the honor done to the memory of her husband. She appeared to enjoy the meeting of the friends of bygone days, and the clearness of her mind and the sweetness and grace, with which she bears her eighty-six winters, favorably impressed all with whom she came in contact. "Now that I have seen this day and this Memorial, there is nothing more for me to desire on earth, and I am willing to die," was her pathetic remark to a friend. Mrs. Thomas H. Gallaudet, who is seven years younger, was also present, and mingled freely with the company, greeting old friends and making new ones with that never failing interest which her great heart ever feels in the welfare of the humblest. It was a happy arrangement that placed these two venerable ladies together near the pulpit at prayers in the Asylum Chapel on the morning of the dedication.

The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet was here of course, as genial and as helpful as ever; and Chamberlain, the irrepressible, shone like a full moon everywhere, running one hotel—the Union Hall—with his surplus energy, and exercising that fatherly patronage toward all deaf-mutes, of which his many years of service and his strong common sense have given him the prerogative. It is said of him that while in charge of Union Hall, he burst into the room of one aged couple from the country, and saved them from suffocation after they had blown out their gas; then, lighting it, he instructed them how to manipulate a gas-burner, while they, apt pupils, sat up in bed and took the lesson to heart.

Of school-day celebrities, there were not a few present: one was he of the strong arm and the fearless heart, whose daring plunge and stalwart stroke had many a time carried him, in time to save, to the spot, where some drowning comrade was struggling; and I was of the number who clasped the hand of Orlando A. Clark, with the grateful consciousness that to him they owed their lives.

Among the most interesting objects to be seen here during the Convention, was the large collection of documents relating to important incidents in the life of Mr. Clerc, placed on exhibition in the Reading-Room of the Asylum by his son, Rev. Francis J. Clerc. There were autograph letters of Sicard, Massieu, and other distinguished personages.

#### THE MONUMENT.

The Memorial is a fine bust of the distinguished Clerc, surmounting a monument of handsome proportions and design. The pedestal is of gray Scotch "Dyce" granite, of the finest quality, and highly polished. The base is square, with three steps. The cost has been about as follows:

Bust.....	\$1,000
Name in bas relief.....	200
Pedestal and lettering.....	1,700
	<hr/>
	\$2,900

On the south face of the monument, facing Asylum avenue, are these words:

LAURENT CLERC,  
The Apostle  
Of the Deaf-mutes of the  
New World.

Directly under this is a *bas relief* in bronze of the name of  
CLERC,

each letter being represented by a hand denoting it in the manual alphabet. On the east side is this inscription:

LAURENT CLERC, A. M.,  
Born in La Balme, France,  
December 26, 1785,  
Landed at New York, Aug. 9, 1816,  
Died at Hartford,  
July 18, 1869.

And on the west side is the following:

Erected by the Deaf-mutes of America  
to the memory of their Benefactor;  
the pupil of Sicard; the  
Associate of Gallaudet;  
who left his native land to  
elevate them by his teaching and  
encourage them by his example.

H.

#### FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, *Sept. 23d*, 1874.

DURING the summer months, deaf-mutes here were scarce, and as a consequence, deaf-mute news also. The services at St. Ann's were but thinly attended all through the Summer, and it was noticeable that the faces seen one Sunday were absent the next, and new ones were in their places. From this it may be inferred that the majority of the deaf-mutes here spent part of the time out of town. It is well for them if they did; for New York has been rather *hot*, and a day or two among the green fields of the country does any one good. Your correspondent was among the fortunate ones who contrived to get a few days' country air, and he says, emphatically, he is glad of it.

The resignation of teachers from the New York Institution seems likely to be productive of more good outside the Institution walls than was at first anticipated. Mr. Johnson, one of the teachers who resigned, has about as good as established an institution where one is much needed. New York City also seems likely not to be behind-hand in the good work. Mr. Syle intends forming an evening-school. The Board of Education favors the undertaking, and if Mr. Syle can procure thirty pupils, the use of a school-room in one of the public schools will be at his disposal, and all necessary expenses will be defrayed by the board, the same as for evening-schools for those who can hear and speak. At a meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association two weeks ago, Mr. Syle broached the subject, and succeeded in getting twenty-six (26) names. Business connected with the Clerc Memorial called him to Hartford a day or two afterwards, and he was unable to get more, and so the case stands at present.

Probably Mr. Syle will get the four additional names and more, too; as there are many here who are glad of a chance to learn more. They are constantly meeting with phrases new to them and from various causes, are prevented from coming to a correct idea of their meaning. With Mr. Syle as teacher, they can learn a great deal; as he is a liberally educated gentleman, and knows from experience what the deaf-mutes want.

Mr. James Lewis, of whom Eureka spoke some time ago, as being partially insane, is now in full possession of his reason. He came around in the latter part of August. MATTEWAN.



## COLLEGE RECORD.

THE Epicure is positive that our Freund ought to have been in Hartford to manage that banquet at the late convention.

PARKER, the Testy, has lost the patronage of the Reading Club, and J. Brad. Adams, the Irrepressible, now wears a broadersmile than ever.

'T AINT pleasant to run up against a freshly post with your best coat on, and that has been the experience of some since the 24th, for the painters are still at work.

At a meeting of the College Reading Club held on the 25th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: *President*, O. H. Archibald, '75; *Vice-President*, A. S. Gardner, '77; *Secretary*, D. A. Simpson, '78; *Treasurer*, A. B. Greener, '77; *Librarian*, F. R. Gray, '78; *Assistant Librarian*, F. C. Holloway, '78.

ELEVEN new students have presented themselves so far, and it is thought that three more will come during the week. Two or three of the old students who were expected back have not yet returned. We defer giving the classification of the students to our next number for this reason, and because it is not settled what classes some will join.

JAMES, '77, was on one of two trains that collided on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad last week. He says at first he wondered why he was sitting on the floor; and why the railroad men had taken the trouble to split open the forward part of his car and tumble baggage in there in such confusion. The wreck took fire after the collision and one man was burned to death. No one else was much injured.

MR. G. L. WEED, Principal of the Wisconsin Institution, and his son were on the same train. They stopped a few days at the College enjoying the hospitalities of President Gallaudet, and left on the 20th for New York and the East. Mr. Weed and his son are pleasant gentlemen and their stay here was much enjoyed by all. They, of course, improved the opportunity to see the city, and on Saturday "excursioned" to Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington.

POWELL, '75, trusted some apple-butter to the mercies of the baggage-smashers, and they spread a portion of it all over his trunk for him. This is not the beginning of his misfortunes either, for just before he left home, while he was at camp-meeting, some burglars broke into his father's house, appropriated \$30 in money, got into his "store-clothes," and walked off so far that our friend, with all his eagerness, could not find them.

## INSTITUTION NEWS.

## OHIO.

THE summer vacation ended on the 9th inst. and accordingly, most of the old pupils returned to the institution with an eagerness that showed they were well prepared to resume their studies and to endeavor to reach another step upward in their educational progress. About 375 pupils are in attendance, at present, of which number fifty are new ones. More, however, are expected in October and when all are in, the building will have all it can comfortably hold, about 412.

As the State Fair was in progress during the opening week of school, most of the pupils were allowed to attend upon Thursday and Friday, under the supervision of teachers and officers.

Death has already visited the institution and removed a new female pupil. She was taken sick the next day after her arrival at school and lingered until Monday evening, the 21st inst., when death relieved her of her suffering.

A. B. G.

## MARYLAND.

SCHOOL opened on the 4th inst. Eighty-four pupils—thirty girls and fifty boys—are in attendance at present. Of these, eighteen are new pupils.

Two vacancies have occurred in the corps of teachers, by the resignation of Misses. Nodine and Berkeley. The former, the teacher of articulation, has left to take charge of the education of a little daughter of Mrs. Perkins, in Rochester, N. Y. The latter was expected here at the opening of the school term, but she did not come. Hereafter she will be known to her friends as Mrs. Brooke, and her dwelling-place is Chicago. Miss Florence Veitch, of Bladensburg, Maryland, takes charge of the articulation department and Miss Rose H. Harris, who has had an experience of four years as teacher, in the West Virginia Institution, takes Miss Berkeley's place.

The building of the north wing has progressed rapidly during the vacation. The workmen are now engaged on the third story.

September 10th, 1874.

## INDIANA.

SCHOOL opened here on the 16th of Sept. One after another the bright faces of teachers and pupils have appeared, until at the present writing (Sept. 21) 221 of the latter and all of the former, except Mr. Burt, are here, healthy and happy-looking, and ready to begin work. A day

or two after school commenced, Mr. Burt was taken sick with a chill and although reported better, has not yet made his reappearance.

The entrance hall and the one that crosses it were hardly recognizable when we entered them on our return so potent is the power of new carpet, wall paper, and varnish. Sundry other improvements suggest the past presence of the paperer and upholsterer, while the school-rooms glory in whitewash and varnish.

The number of pupils this year is expected to reach 290 at least. Fifty or sixty of these will be new pupils, and the election of Miss Anna Hendricks, niece of Governor Hendricks, supplies the want, necessarily felt, of another teacher.

On the 17th inst., the number of pupils present numbering over 100, they were allowed to go, in care of some of the teachers, to witness the grand Industrial Parade which took place Thursday morning in this city. It was connected, I suppose, with the Indiana Exposition now in progress, and called forth many remarks, diverting and otherwise, from the deaf-mute gazer, to whom it was such a novelty. It was about two hours in passing.

We have been favored so far with visits from Mr. J. C. Balis, Mr. J. Flemming, Mr. J. Gray, Mr. Tipton, Mr. O. H. Archibald, and Professor J. C. Gordon, all en route for Washington. Mr. G. L. Weed, Superintendent of the Wisconsin Institution, and his son spent the 19th and 20th with us; the former delivering an interesting lecture on Sabbath afternoon in the chapel.

LAURA.

## NOVA SCOTIA.

SCHOOL re-opened on August 5th. The present building, being found much too small, with no provision for sickness, is now being enlarged; and will, when finished, have a frontage of 140 feet. New dormitories will be made and a new schoolroom built, the present one being converted into a sitting-room for the boys and a printing office. Mr. Hutton is making a tour in the Province in aid of the undertaking,

J. W. D.

## ONTARIO.

THE fifth session of this Institution opened on the 2d ult with one hundred and fifty-one pupils.

Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, accompanied by Lady Dufferin and a large party on the 5th ult. Notice was sent to Dr. Palmer, some time before the arrival of the distinguished party, that they would make a short visit, and preparations were made for their reception. A beautiful arch of evergreen and flowers was erected over the main gateway. The motto "*Cæd Mille Falite*," in letters of the manual alphabet, was placed on the arch, facing the roadway. Over the front door was the word "Welcome," also in letters of the manual alphabet. The chapel was hung with bunting and festoons of evergreen and flowers, with appropriate mottoes. Lord and Lady Dufferin reached Belleville about eleven o'clock in the morning, and were received by the Mayor and Warden of the town and escorted to a fine carriage drawn by four horses.

A large procession of soldiers, firemen, and citizens, on foot and in carriages, was formed and proceeded into the town, which was gallily decorated with flags and bunting. After the usual ceremonies of presenting the Governor-General with addresses, the party, about 500 in number, proceeded to the Institution. The visitors were met at the front door by Dr. Palmer and the members of the Fire Company, and conducted into the chapel, where they were formally received with an address of welcome by Dr. Palmer.

At the conclusion of this address, Dr. Palmer took several pupils who had received no instruction, and went through with a number of exercises to show how they were taught.

Three little deaf-mute girls here stepped forward, and presented Lady Dufferin with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which was graciously received.

One of the deaf-mute teachers then entertained the visitors with a comical story and a description of "Christ stilling the tempest" in signs.

The Governor-General then rose, and addressed the audience. Mr. Coleman interpreted in the sign-language for the benefit of those who could not hear. Lord Dufferin requested Dr. Palmer to give the pupils a holiday in honor of his visit. The last day of the month was chosen, and the announcement was greeted with hand-clapping. The national anthem was given in the sign-language by the pupils. Then the officers of the Institution were introduced to his Excellency and Lady.

The visitors were then conducted through the building. They expressed themselves as much pleased with their entertainment.

Mrs. Thompson, at the end of last vacation, resigned her position as Housekeeper, and went to Omaha to take the position of Matron of the deaf-mute Institution there.

S. T. G.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THIRTEEN of the thirty-eight premiums offered for poultry at the Vermont fair, were taken by Evan T. Sprague, a hennist not yet twelve years old.

A military company recently formed in Vicksburg is composed of both Union and Confederate soldiers. A company in Raleigh, N. C., is similarly made up.

On the fifty-eighth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, which occurred on June 18, there were living fifty-nine men who were commissioned officers under Wellington in that battle.

Awaiting the custom of some American politician or railroad man, in the window of a jeweller's store on the Rue de la Paix, Paris, is a breastpin made from a single diamond, and priced \$100,000.

The Austrian Polar expedition has discovered new land, apparently of great extent, which they have named, in honor of the Emperor, Francis Joseph Land, and which was visited up to 82° and sighted up to 83°.

In the days of the great British admirals Collingwood and Nelson, the very heaviest gun afloat on the largest man-of-war, weighed but from two to three tons. The common naval sixty-four pounder now weighs over three tons, while the great 700-pounder of the largest iron ships reaches the enormous weight of thirty-five tons.

The great number of lawyers seeking practice in London, involves terrible poverty for some of them. A barrister, named Wightman, who was imprisoned and disbarred some months since for stealing books from the Inner Temple Library, was found to have shared half of the poor sum realized by the sale of the volumes with a brother barrister, as direfully destitute as himself.

The evidence of a witness in a life insurance case involved in the blowing up of a steamboat on the Ohio is droll, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the missing man, and saw him on the deck of the steamboat before the explosion. When asked by the lawyer, "When was the last time you saw him?" he answered, "The very last time I set eyes on him was when the boiler bust, and I was going up. I met him and the smoke-pipe coming down."

When the audacious Paris *Figaro* was "suspended" for fifteen days, not long ago, by the Government, for indulging in satire at the expense of the State, the proprietor and editor, De Villemessart, not only paid every writer, printer, office-boy, and carrier full wages, as though nothing had happened, but even tendered to the Post-office authorities the sum of between four and five thousand dollars, which was the loss of that department by the withdrawal of the widely circulated journal from the mails.

A fellow at Des Moines, Iowa, apparently very drunk, staggered against a plate-glass show window and smashed it, and then hurried off. The shopman and his clerks followed and seized him, took a \$100 bill from his pocket, and after deducting the price of the glass, stuffed the change in the wallet and set him adrift. The \$100 proved to be counterfeit, and the shopman, horrified, set the police on the fellow's track, and he was arrested, but no crime could be proved, and the adroit rogue got off scot free.

An extraordinary marriage of recent occurrence is recorded in *The London Court Circular*. It took place in Jevington, England, the ceremony being performed by the Very Rev. Archdeacon Phillpotts, in the presence of a large congregation. The nuptial pair both belonged to the parish of Jevington; but the singular part is the fact that the bride has no arms, and the ring had to be placed on the third toe of her left foot. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, she signed the register, holding the pen with her toes and writing in a very fair "hand." The bride has accustomed herself to use her needle and do many other useful things with her toes.

The Chinese servants in California are in the habit of posting on the cellar door or wood shed or pantry locker little bits of red paper with a few Chinese characters on them. In this way they notify the successors of the character of their employers. A gentleman, at Stockton, who had had trouble with his servants, recently engaged a new cook, but the man had no sooner gone into the kitchen than upon reading one of those insignificant bits of paper he turned and fled from the house. On being followed by the master, who asked what was the matter, he said: Me no wantee here stop—woman here talkee bad—quick, long tongue—pay no monee—workee all day—me go." And he went.

"Woman is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

"In London no man thinks of blacking his own boots!" said a haughty Briton once to the late Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calfskin gaiters. "Whose does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe.

In a restaurant, not long ago, a gentleman while devouring a plate of hash, came across a pearl sleeve button in it. He very justly complained to the big, brawny waiter, the latter replying in an astounding manner: "Well, what d'yer expect to get—a hull shirt?"

A countryman with his bride stopped at a Troy hotel the other day. At dinner, when the waiter presented a bill of fare, the young man inquired, "What's that?" "That's a bill of fare," said the waiter. The countryman took it in his hands, looked inquiringly at his wife, and then at the waiter, and finally dove down into his pocket and insinuatingly inquired, "How much is it?"

Michael Leahy, who recently graduated at the Pittsfield (Mass.) High School at the age of twenty-one years, obtained his education under difficulties. When a child, while playing on a railroad track, he was run over by a train, and it was necessary to amputate both arms so close to the shoulder that no perceptible stumps are left. Nevertheless, he has persevered in his studies, has not been absent or tardy once in his four years' course at the High School, and has become a proficient in the branches there taught, turning the leaves of his book with his tongue. He has also acquired a very legible and even handsome style of penmanship, which he executes with his mouth.

A revenge befitting noble minds was lately accomplished near Pequod, California, by two forlorn vagrants who had been put off a western-bound freight train for attempting to steal a ride. The luckless fellows were wearily tramping their way along the road-bed when there occurred a "cloud-burst," which swept through the embankment of the track at a certain point, and left the rails to give way at the first pressure. Tired and indignant as the penniless wayfarers were, they forthwith retraced their steps as rapidly as possible, and, by flagging an approaching passenger-train, averted what must otherwise have been a fearful loss of life. The conductor of the rescued train displayed commendable alacrity in giving the men free passes to the end of his route.

Pierre Blot is dead. He will be remembered with gratitude by many for the reforms which he set on foot in the matter of cooking and the use of food material. Our chief cities have clubs of young ladies who pride themselves on their ability to make omelettes, but when he came to us in 1867, cooking was almost a lost art in fashionable circles. M. Blot established classes in New York and the neighborhood, similar to those he had conducted in Europe. He lectured to these classes in explanation of his system, and accompanied his remarks with practical illustrations, some of the dishes discussed being prepared on the stage and then handed around among his pupils and audience. These lectures were fully reported in the columns of the newspapers at the time.

The late Professor Anderson, the famous conjurer, who was called the Wizard of the North, was performing one night in Glasgow, when his attention was called to a green-looking Highlander among the audience. Believing him to be a good subject to play a trick upon, he asked him to come upon the platform. The Scot obeyed. "Now," said the Professor, "give me a penny." Sandy handed him the copper. The Professor held it up to the audience in the usual way, and then turning to the man, told him to keep his eye on it. The fellow watched it carefully. Then Anderson tossed it into the air and down it came a sovereign! "Take it and examine it now," said he to the delighted Highlander, as he handed him the sovereign. "What is it now?" "A gould guinea." "All right. Now let me have it again for a moment." "Na, na, mon, I'm na fool; you might turn it into a penny again," said Sandy, as he put the sovereign into his pocket and left the astonished Professor to find another subject to finish the trick with.

## MARRIED.

FARLEY—BROWN.—At Sangnoit, New York, July 29th, 1874, by the Rev. Mr. Willoughby, Mr. George Farley and Miss Martha A. Brown, both graduates of the New York Institution. Our friend and his bride have our best wishes for very many happy years of each other's help and comfort.